

EVENING STAR

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1876.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

Closing Proceedings Yesterday.

SENATE.—After our report closed. An extended discussion ensued on the merits of the bill fixing the rate of postage on third-class mail matter, which M. H. Harvey said the species of legislation contained in the pending bill was for the exclusive benefit of the express companies.

On motion of Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, the amendments were taken up, and appropriation for the improvement of the canal grounds were concurred in.

The Senate was taken into executive session, and then adjourned.

THE TREASURY BUREAU OF ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.

HOUSE.—After our report closed. Mr. Randall, from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back the bill making appropriation for the deficiency in the Bureau of Engraving and Engraving of the treasury department, with a recommendation that the amendments of the Senate be concurred in.

Mr. Holman called for a vote on the amendment striking out the third section, which reads: "The collectors a legal tender for the payment of \$50, and under or over \$50."

The amendment, by a *vote recd* vote, was apparently adopted, but Mr. Holman de-

At the evening session, the House went into the Committee of the Whole on the legis-
lation appropriation bill, Mr. Cox (N. Y.) in the chair.

Mr. Randall offered an amendment providing that the engraving and printing of the revenue stamps be let to contract in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing of the Treasury department, providing that the contract be let to the lowest bidder, without contract. He said the government should be able to compete with private parties, as it is in the case of the purchase of supplies. The only reason why it could not be the difference in the hours of labor. The amendment was adopted.

Mr. Randall offered amendment making the unexpended balance for stamps for 1875 and 1876 for the years ending June 30, 1876, and June 30, 1877.

Without making further progress under the bill the House at 10:15 adjourned.

The Late A. T. Stewart.

The New York papers devote considerable space to the death of A. T. Stewart, the great merchant millionaire, who died at his residence on Monday from which the annexed extracts are taken:

HIS PROPERTY.

Mr. Stewart paid \$85,000 taxes on his personal property, and \$180,000 on real estate owned in New York city. His property was assessed at a valuation of \$3,000,000, and his

[illegible]

father, who married a sister of Mrs. Stewart's, and she was the mother of the children again. The Misses Morrow, daughters of an old friend of the Stewart family in Ireland, were married to the sons of Mrs. Stewart, by whom they have been reared almost as blood relations.

THE DEADLY MORPHIA.—A Lady's Fate. Mrs. Sarah E. Morgan, of 55 West 12th street, died yesterday morning, having been taken by Mrs. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Allen, who live in the same house, sat down to a card party at 10 o'clock, and some time Mrs. Morgan left the room, but returned and resumed the game, saying that she was not feeling well. A few minutes afterward Mrs. Morgan grew drowsy, and at last retired. Mr. Morgan returned from his office, and found his wife lying face downward upon the bed, unconscious, and holding in her hand a box of morphia. He roused her, and Mrs. Allen and ran for a physician. The morphia was found in the box, and was used out of the box. The fatal dose had evidently been taken from a two ounce vial which had been used by Mrs. Morgan. Dr. Wetzel used the customary remedies, and twenty-four hours of this treatment produced no result. At 10 o'clock yesterday a sudden change intervened, and she died early yesterday morning. Mrs. Morgan was 34 years of age, and had a daughter and a young daughter, a year and a half apart. Her nervous system has been much prostrated by grief, and the morphia was the consequence. Mrs. Morgan was 34 years old, a native of Stamford, Conn., niece of the late Governor of that State.

As Old Mysine Creek, Cleared to Farm, an Old Sussex county N. J. mystery, an air way of being solved, by the arrest on Friday evening, in Port Jervis, of Mrs. Mary Mann, wife of the late John Mann, a well-known and successful farmer, who was the brother of the renowned Confederate raider, General John Mann—

A WOMAN COMMITS A MURDER.—The little town of Eden, Bear Lake county, Utah, has been the scene of a crime that has shocked and what makes it more terrible is the fact that a woman is the killer. A few years ago a man named John Johnson, a Danish native, a notorious "Cub" Johnson a piece of land in Eden. Pratt recently built a log house on the place. Johnson had been in the army and had gone back on his bargain, and did not want to surrender the property. The log house was burned by the Johnsons, but Johnson immediately rebuilt. The Danish nature of C. Swenson was set to work painting the house. While he was thus employed, Johnson, a woman, arrived in the town. Johnson, a man, with a double-barreled shotgun gun, and a net on his head, went to the house and told the painter to leave. He went to go even after the woman had threatened to carry the threat into effect. She cocked the gun and fired. The man ran into the house and closed the door. Johnson went back to the house, and firing again, killed the man. The woman then took Swenson's right leg above the knee. The man was charged with navy bullets. Four bullets entered the young man's chest from the effects of the wound. Mrs. Johnson is under arrest, but her son is out on bail.

News.

LOVE AND GLORY.—She is a pretty girl, a native of the state, and she is the daughter of a street-car, occupying a corner of two seats. The young lady in the street-car is the daughter of a street-car, occupying a corner of two seats. The young lady in the street-car is the daughter of a street-car, occupying a corner of two seats.

with her left nostrils; looked at the languid contempt of the attitude, and sniffed with her other nostril, and then regarding the lady's nostrils, and finding it elegant, sniffed with both nostrils. Beginning to get mad she rubbed her nose violently, first with the second, and then with the first nostril, and subsequently with her handkerchief. She then turned to the poet. One flashed unending hatred and scorn, the other irradiated lofty pity and disdain. There had never met before, and now they met for only a moment, but it had happened. We give it up. But let women have the snuff! (*Philadelphia Bulletin*).